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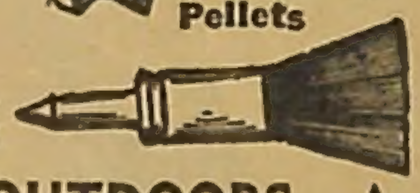

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The BLACK TERROR

Fact or fancy? Even the Fibbers Club was stumped by the amazing story told them by Bob Benton... a story of the year 9767... and the cruel tyranny of a strange despot! But the most unbelievable part of the story is the appearance of the Black Terror in that far off year... and the war for freedom that he leads!

"The DREAM MAKER"

AS THE EVENING MEETING OF THE FIBBERS' CLUB BEGINS...

GENTLEMEN, OUR DRUGGIST FRIEND, BOB BENTON HAS TO TELL A TALL STORY TONIGHT... AND HE'LL HAVE TO MAKE IT GOOD TO MATCH SOME OF THE TALES WE'VE HEARD!

MOTION WE GET STARTED, MR. FELTON!

OKAY, BOB, IT'S YOUR TURN!

AND REMEMBER, BOB, THE BEST STORY GETS A PRIZE...

WELL THIS IS SORT OF UNEXPECTED BUT...

I'LL TELL YOU A STORY ABOUT THE *BLACK TERROR*... WITHOUT DOUBT THE STRANGEST ADVENTURE IN THE CAREER OF THAT MAN OF MYSTERY...

"SOME TIME AGO, THE BLACK TERROR VISITED HIS OLD FRIEND, DR. FISSION--THE WORLD'S FOREMOST AUTHORITY ON NUCLEAR PHYSICS!"

I *KNEW* YOU'D COME, TERROR! NOTHING COULD KEEP YOU FROM THE *CHALLENGE OF THE UNKNOWN!*

WE'RE GOING TO TRAVEL INTO THE FUTURE! WHEN I SET THIS MACHINE IN MOTION-- THOUSANDS OF YEARS WILL SWEEP PAST WITH THE SPEED OF LIGHT!

IT'S FANTASTIC, DR. FISSION! AND YET-- I BELIEVE YOU!

SO DO I!

"YES, GENTLEMEN! DR. FISSION HAD ACTUALLY INVENTED A TIME MACHINE-- DRIVEN BY ATOMIC POWER!"

I-I HOPE THIS'LL WORK OUT OKAY!

DON'T WORRY, TERROR, EVERYTHING'S UNDER CONTROL! *HERE WE GO!*

"THE NEXT INSTANT, THERE WAS A DEAFENING ROAR!"

HOLD ON TO YOUR SEATS! CENTURIES ARE SPINNING PAST! WE'RE TRAVELING AT A THOUSAND YEARS A SECOND--TWO THOUSAND--THREE!

G-GOLLY!

"BRIEF MOMENTS LATER..."

HEY! WHAT TH--??

GREAT SCOTT! WE MUST BE AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA!

"WITH A MIGHTY HEAVE--"

WE'RE THOUSANDS OF YEARS IN THE FUTURE! THE OCEAN MUST HAVE SWEPT INLAND!

WE'VE GOT TO --GET OUT OF HERE! UGH!

CR-ACK!

HOLY HECTOR! (GLUB!) LOOKS AS THOUGH (GLUB!) WE'RE CAUGHT IN A FISHERMAN'S NET!

GOOD GOSH! (GLUB!)

"AT THAT INSTANT, ON THE WHARF ABOVE--"

ALL OF YOU--HEAVE! FAUGH! YOU'D THINK WE HAD ALL DAY TO GET THAT NET UP! YOUR *MUSCLES* ARE AS *FLABBY* AS YOUR *MINDS*, SLAVES!

OWW-W! IF I COULD ONLY *RELAX*!

OH, MY ACHING BACK!

"THEN..."

WHAT MANNER OF MEN ARE THESE? THEY MUST BE SPIES... COME TO FIGHT OUR GLORIOUS RULER!

WHAT IN THUNDER--!

QUICK-- SEIZE THEM!

TIM--I DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS OF THIS!

AN UNFRIENDLY WELCOME WILL GET AN UNFRIENDLY GREETING FROM ME!

JUMPING CATS, TERROR! THEY'RE JUST-- BIG, FLABBY GOONS!

NEVER MIND-- KEEP SLUGGING! WE DON'T KNOW *WHAT* THEY'RE CAPABLE OF!

TWEET! TWEEEEETT!

THE NEXT INSTANT, MORE GUARDS ARRIVED...

HOLD! SURRENDER, STRANGE ONE... OR YOU SHALL DIE!

KROL MUL SHALL REWARD US FOR THIS CAPTURE!

TRAVELING LIGHT WAS A MISTAKE! BUT I'VE STILL GOT MY *REACH* ---AND THE WILL TO *USE* IT!

UGH!

POW!

"WITH ATOMIC PISTOLS AT THEIR HEADS..."

BUT I GUESS *REACH* ISN'T ENOUGH AGAINST THESE FUTURISTIC WEAPONS...

YOU WILL NOW COME WITH US TO KROL MUL... HE WILL DECIDE YOUR FATE!

"TAKEN TO THE CITADEL OF KROLL MUL... AN ABSOLUTE RULER OF THE YEAR 9767..."

YOU PERSIST IN CLAIMING TO BE THE BLACK TERROR! FOOL! I KNOW HE NEVER EXISTED! IT IS JUST A STUPID LEGEND... *TAKE THEM TO THE DREAM PALACE!* IT WILL MAKE THEM LESS STUBBORN!

"IN A FANTASTIC VEHICLE..."

WHAT'S THE "DREAM PALACE", TERROR?

WE'LL JUST HAVE TO WAIT AND SEE, TIM!

INSIDE!

TAKE IT EASY... I'M ANXIOUS TO LEARN MORE ABOUT THIS DREAM PALACE. I WON'T TRY TO ESCAPE... YET!

WELL, WELL! A MOVIE PALACE WITH A LOT OF HAYWIRE TRIMMINGS! I'VE AN IDEA WE WON'T BE BORED!

T-THERE ARE WORSE THINGS THAN BEING BORED, TERROR!

YOU SHALL LEARN MORE IN A FEW MINUTES!

YES... AND DON'T TRY TO ESCAPE. WE'RE WATCHING YOU UNTIL THE DREAM STARTS!

"A MOMENT LATER..."

H-HERE IT COMES, TERROR!

"THEN...ON THE LIGHTED SCREEN... A DREAM OF PARADISE!"

THE BEAUTY OF LIFE--- IN SOUND AND COLOR! LONG LIVE *KROLL MUL!*

GREAT SCOTT, TIM! I GET IT NOW! THE WIRES ATTACHED TO OUR CHAIRS CONVEY SOUNDS--THE VERY *FEEL* OF THAT PICTURE -- *THE VERY INCENSE--*

HOME WAS NEVER LIKE THIS!

THESE PEOPLE HAVE BECOME *WILLING SLAVES!* IN EXCHANGE FOR A FEW FANCY DREAMS-- *THEY'VE BARTERED THEIR FREEDOM!*

IT'S BEAUTIFUL --*BEAUTIFUL!* I COULD SIT HERE AND DREAM--*FOREVER!*

"SUDDENLY..."

BARRROOOM!

LISTEN--ALL OF YOU! I'M BO BRIANTUS —A SCIENTIST! KROLL MUL HAS DRUGGED YOUR FOOD-- TO MAKE YOU ACCEPT THIS WRETCHED SHOW AS THE *REAL THING!* BUT *I'VE* FOUND AN ANTIDOTE!

WE MUST FIGHT FOR OUR LIBERTIES! YOU, SHALL ALL HAVE THE ANTIDOTE---*ARGGHH!*

TIM! THEY'RE BLASTING THAT BRAVE LAD DOWN!

BLAM!

SNAP! SNAP!

I'VE BEEN HIT WITH A-- PARALYSIS RAY! IT WILL WEAR OFF IN A FEW--- *HUH? THE BLACK TERROR!*

COME ON! WE'VE GOT TO BEAT IT!

THAT'S-- MY PLANE! *AHHH*-- MY LEGS--! I CAN HARDLY MOVE THEM!

STOP THEM!

LEAN ON ME! *WE'LL MAKE IT!*

"*THE NEXT INSTANT...*"

I STILL CAN'T BELIEVE IT! *THE BLACK TERROR!* YOU MUST HAVE MASTERED THE SECRETS OF *TIME TRAVEL!*

NO, BO BUT ONE OF MY FRIENDS DID! MY GOSH--HE'S STILL DOWN THERE!

BARROOM!

"*LATER... IN BO'S LABORATORY...*

THE YEARS HAVEN'T DIMMED YOUR FAME, TERROR! YOU'VE BECOME *AN HEROIC LEGEND!* PEOPLE WOULD DIE FOR YOU! IF YOU COULD ONLY RALLY THEM!

BELIEVE ME-- I'LL DO MY BEST!

SEE, TERROR? I DESIGNED THESE DEADLY ATOMIC WEAPONS MYSELF!

GOOD LAD! WE'LL HAVE TO MOVE FAST! I'M SURE THAT KROL MUL HAS DR. FISSION IN HIS POWER BY THIS TIME!

"NEXT DAY... AT DAWN..."

REMEMBER-- THESE WEAPONS AREN'T TOYS!

TO THE CITADEL! DEATH TO THE TYRANT!

"AT THAT MOMENT--- IN KROLL MUL'S CITADEL..."

SO YOUR FRIEND'S THE BLACK TERROR, EH? NONSENSE! MY ENEMIES ARE CLEVER! SPIES ALWAYS MASQUERADE AS MIGHTY FIGURES FROM THE PAST!

BUT THEY CAN'T WIN! I AM INVINCIBLE!

YOU HAVEN'T ENOUGH BRAINS TO KNOW THAT DICTATORS CAN'T WIN!

"SUDDENLY..."

GET THE GUARDS! WE'LL TAKE CARE OF KROLL MUL!

THE BLACK TERROR!

AIEEE!

BLAST THEM! IT'S THEIR LIVES OR OURS!

POUF!

POUF!

POUF!

ULP!

WHAT'S THE HURRY, BIG SHOT? WANT TO MISS THE FEATURE?

I'LL HAVE A FIGHTING CHANCE--IF I CAN REACH THE WHARF! THERE SHOULD BE-- A GUARD THERE!

WHAT'S HE MUMBLING ABOUT, TERROR?

PROBABLY HIS LIFE INSURANCE!

FOOL! DON'T JUST STAND THERE! BLAST HIM DOWN!

T-THE BLACK TERROR!

WUP! MISSED US!

YES, BUT I WOULDN'T WANT HIM TO TRY AGAIN!

CRAKK

WAM!

HE WON'T BLAST ANY MORE, TERROR! I GUARANTEE!

THAT'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME, TIM!

COME ON, SONNY BOY! LET'S PLAY ROUGH FOR A SPELL!

STAY AWAY FROM ME! STAND BACK--

I'M SAVING YOU KROL MUL... BUT ONLY FOR A COURT OF JUSTICE!

HELP! I CAN'T SWIM! I'LL DROWN!

CLIPP!

"LATER... AS FREEDOM REIGNS ONCE MORE..."

ATOMIC DERRICKS SURE PACK PLENTY OF POWER, DOC! BUT THE BIG HAUL LIES AHEAD!

DON'T WORRY-- I'LL GET IT STARTED!

THUS ENDS BOB BENTON'S STORY!

BOB--THIS SILVER LOVING CUP IS THE CLUB'S OFFICIAL TROPHY FOR--THE YEAR'S *TALLEST STORY!* AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED--*IT'S YOURS FOR THE NEXT FIFTY YEARS!*

WOW!

AFTER BOB LEAVES...

MY STARS! IT'S A TINY *BLACK TERROR*-- A MECHANICAL TALKING DOLL SO INGENIOUS NO LIVING CRAFTSMAN COULD HAVE MADE-- *OH, WHAT AM I SAYING?!*

GOOD EVENING, GENTLEMEN. I WILL ANSWER ANY QUESTIONS PROVIDED THEY DONT VIOLATE PROFESSIONAL ETHICS!

"AND THEN..."

BEFORE I DEPART, MY FRIENDS, I GIVE YOU-- *BO BRIANTUS, THE BLACK TERROR'S DEPUTY! HE WILL GUARD YOUR LIBERTIES WITH HIS LIFE!*

'RAY FOR THE BLACK TERROR! 'RAY FOR BO BRIANTUS!

GENTLEMEN... THE BLACK TERROR BROUGHT A SOUVENIR FROM THE FUTURE. I WILL LEAVE IT WITH YOU FOR 24 HOURS... SO THAT YOU MAY STUDY IT--AND DECIDE WHETHER MY STORY IS FACT OR FICTION!

HA, HA! OF COURSE, BOB!

I'M AFRAID THE MEMBERS OF THE FIBBERS' CLUB ARE GOING TO BE THE MOST AMAZED GROUP OF MEN... ONCE THAT DOLL STARTS ANSWERING THEIR QUESTIONS...

YOU SURE STARTED SOMETHING, BOB!

THE BUBBLE GUM KID

By Frank Roslyn

OLIVER FOSTER fancied himself as quite a youngster in the high school which he attended. Most of the boys and girls in his class were specialists in the art of blowing bubbles with bubble gum. Oliver's father, the well known scientist, tried to convince his son that he was much too old for this sort of "kid stuff."

"You'll never get anywhere blowing bubble gum," he told him seriously one night when he was completing some experiments for a new gadget to improve the safety of jet propelled planes for the United States Army

"You never can tell," Oliver laughed "Sometimes a curious skill proves helpful at the most unusual time." With this remark he went out to join some of his friends at a football rally.

The affair was over at about ten o'clock because the football players had to get back to bed.

Oliver returned home and just as he reached the house he saw a big limousine standing out beside the side entrance that led into his father's laboratory. A man was sitting at the wheel and the motor was running.

Thinking it was someone he might know, Oliver walked over to the vehicle and asked:

"Are you waiting for someone?"

"Sure thing," replied the man at the wheel. "A couple of my friends are talking to the professor They'll be out in a minute or so Why don't you keep me company until they come?"

"No, thanks," replied Oliver, "it's getting late, and I'll have to get to bed."

He walked around the back of the car, and heard the chauffeur whistling. He suddenly realized that this must be a signal. He ducked down for a moment and brushed his hand past the spare tire, then he crossed the gravel driveway and started up the steps to the door. When he stepped through the screened doorway, he was not surprised to find a man holding a gun on him.

"Take it easy, kid," the gunman said, "and you won't get hurt. Your father is giving us a few papers we're interested in, then we're leaving."

Oliver saw that there was a second man in the room, and he was working at the safe. His father was nowhere in sight. Fright gripped him for a few moments, but the gunman said:

"Don't worry, son, your father is in that closet with the Yale lock. I think that will hold him—and you too."

With this Oliver was urged toward the door. The burglar turned the key which was still in the locked door and pulled it open. Oliver stumbled, then gripped the door jamb. The gunman gave him a push and he went head-first into the big supply closet.

The door was slammed shut behind them, and the gunman turned away.

"How are you making out, Leslie?" he asked his companion.

"Okay, Mac," replied Leslie. There was a clank of metal as the safe door came open "These plans ought to bring us a nice piece of change."

With this the two men crossed the room, the screen door slammed and the racing

motor of the car came to the ears of the Fosters.

Oliver lost no time. He pushed against the closet door with his shoulder, the door opened and he staggered toward the telephone. He snatched it up, asked for the police, and immediately explained the situation, giving the license number of the car and a description of the men.

Professor Foster joined his son, crying; "We'll never get them. We'll never get them!"

Oliver wasn't listening. He hurried out on the veranda. A few moments later he heard sirens converging on the house from several parts of town. Then there was a burst of gunfire from about two blocks away. The boy ran in that direction. He spotted the car and saw that the three burglars were lined up beside it under the guns of the police. Mac, Leslie and the chauffeur glared at him.

Professor Foster came running up, took his valuable papers, then said: "I can't understand it, I can't understand it!"

"Bubble gum," laughed Oliver "I dabbed a bit of it on the gas cap and the car stalled Another hunk on the latch and the lock didn't fit into the socket."

Professor Foster laughed, then proudly patted his son on the back.

YOUNG OLIVER FOSTER DOES SOME FAST THINKING!

the BLACK

CC-1035

The BLACK

CC-1035

TERROR

"VIOLINS FOR VILLAINY!"

A rare old violin fashioned by an immortal craftsman...a little boy with an inspired gift for music...a gang of mobsters intent on lining their own pockets...and a crime broth that bubbled over when Bob Benton and his young pal, Tim...alias the Terror Twins... smoked out the plot!

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At the home of James Spragg... wealthy patron of the arts...

THIS IS A REAL STRADIVARIUS, JARVIS! THERE'S A DESERVING YOUNGSTER SOMEWHERE WHO WOULD APPRECIATE THIS VIOLIN AND--I'M GOING TO FIND HIM!

SIR--WHY NOT HOLD A MUSICAL CONTEST IN VOCALIAN HALL? YOU COULD PRESENT THE VIOLIN TO THE YOUTH WHO SHOWS THE MOST PROMISE!

WHY--THAT'S A SPLENDID IDEA, JARVIS! I'LL DO IT!

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WHY--THAT'S A *SPLENDID* IDEA, JARVIS! I'LL DO IT!

Several days later... in the hideout of gangster Ricky Halloran...

TAKE A LOOK AT THAT, MUGS! THE LAST TIME ONE SOLD AT AUCTION, IT BROUGHT NINETY GRAND!

YEAH! IF WE COULD MUSCLE IN--WE'D BE SITTIN' PRETTY!

WEALTHY ART PATRON GENUINE STRADIVARI!

LISTEN--I'VE GOT IT! THERE'S A SPOILED BRAT NAMED HAROLD COSGROVE WHO'S A FAMOUS VIOLIN PLAYER! HE GOES RIDING IN THE PARK-- ALL ALONE!

YOU DON'T SAY!

Early next morning...

HERE COMES OUR MEAL TICKET!

Then...

LET GO OF ME, YOU-- YOU HOODLUM!

GET HIM DOWN, CHIEF! WE'VE GOT TO GAG HIM!

At the same time, as Bob Benton and Tim enjoy a walk before breakfast...

W-WHAT'S THAT?

LET ME GO! HELP!

GREAT SCOTT! A KIDNAPPING!

GOLLY!

A dramatic transformation!

HURRY, TIM--INTO YOUR UNIFORM! HERE'S WHERE THE *TERROR TWINS* GET TO WORK!

RIGHT, TERROR!

KIDNAPPERS USUALLY WIND UP IN JAIL--BUT *YOU'RE* HEADED FOR THE HOSPITAL!

HUH? T-THE *BLACK TERROR!*

IF ANYONE GOES TO THE HOSPITAL--IT'LL BE *YOU!*

POW!

IF YOU'RE SO RUGGED--WHY DID YOU DRAW THAT GUN?

HOW DO YOU LIKE THESE MARBLES?

TAKE THAT, YOU RUFFIAN!

WAM

But then...

UHH--HE ALMOST FINISHED ME! BUT IF I CAN GET INTO THAT SADDLE--I'LL FINISH *HIM!*

TERROR, LOOK OUT!

CRACK!

OH!

GET GOING, MUGS! I'LL JUST GIVE BUSTER HERE SOMETHING TO REMEMBER US BY!

LET GO OF ME!

UGH!

HURRY UP--GET HIM INTO THE CAR! WE'VE GOT TO DRESS HIM UP FOR THE CONTEST!

An hour later...at Halloran's hideout...

WELL--HOW'S THAT FOR A DISGUISE? HE'S A POOR KID FROM THE SLUMS WHO'S NEVER HAD A CHANCE! A MUSICAL GENIUS, SEE? I'M "ADOPTING" HIM!

CHIEF, YOU'RE THE GENIUS!

NOW GET THIS, KID! YOU'RE GOING TO WIN THAT CONTEST! WE'LL BE RIGHT BEHIND YOU ON THE PLATFORM! I'LL HAVE A GUN IN MY POCKET-- JUST IN CASE!

Y-YES--MR. HALLORAN!

Meanwhile...in Bob Benton's drug store...

BOB, WE MUST BE SLIPPING!

WE'RE ALL A LITTLE CARELESS AT TIMES, TIM! DON'T LET IT GET YOU DOWN!

IN FACT-- HUH? WHAT ARE THOSE MEN SAYING?

DID YOU HEAR ABOUT THAT BIG MUSICAL CONTEST AT VOCALIAN HALL?

SURE! SOME WEALTHY SAP'S GIVING AWAY A REAL STRADIVARI-US VIOLIN!

A moment later...at the rear of the shop...

IT'S A GOOD THING THE POLICE CHECKED UP FOR US! WE KNOW THAT SNATCHED KID WAS A FAMOUS VIOLINIST!

YEAH-- IT SORT OF DOVETAILS NOW!

COME ON! WE'LL LEAVE BY THE BACK DOOR!

RIGHT! MY HEAD FEELS BETTER ALREADY!

Meanwhile...at the Concert Hall...

YOU'RE NEXT, KID! DON'T DISAPPOINT US!

RASSPP! SQUEAK

GLUB!

A moment later...

AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN--MENDELSSOHN'S "MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM" --SPECIALLY ARRANGED!

BRAVO!!

HE PLAYED DIVINELY!

THE BOY'S A GENIUS!

CLAP! CLAP!

CLAP! CLAP!

As the applause subsides...

MY LITTLE MAN--I TAKE PLEASURE IN PRESENTING YOU THIS IMMORTAL INSTRUMENT!

SO FAR--SO GOOD!

Suddenly... the Terror Twins!

KEEP YOUR SEATS, EVERYBODY! THOSE MEN ARE KIDNAPPERS! IF YOU WANT TO HELP US -- STAY OUT OF THE AISLES!

THE BLACK TERROR!

GET GOING, MUGS! THROUGH THAT DOOR BEHIND YOU!

WHA--?

CRASH!

QUICK--HE'LL BE ON OUR NECKS IN A SECOND! OUT THIS EXIT!

NO SOAP! IT GOES DOWN INTO THE BASEMENT!

NEVER MIND! WE'VE GOT TO KEEP MOVING!

Seconds later...

JIGGERS! I REMEMBER NOW! VOCALIAN HALL WAS ONCE A CITY POWER HOUSE! THESE PIPES WERE USED TO PUMP WATER FROM THE OLD RESERVOIR!

GOOD GOSH!

At that moment...

COME ON, TIM! WE'RE GETTING A BREAK! THOSE RATS CROSSED THEMSELVES UP!

HEY-- THE KID'S RIGHT BEHIND US, TERROR!

CHIEF, WE'RE TRAPPED! THAT CELLAR ENDS IN A STONE WALL!

PIPE DOWN AND GET *BEHIND* THIS DOOR! -- *HERE THEY COME!*

QUICK, TIM! THERE'S ANOTHER CELLAR BEYOND THAT DOOR! THEY MUST BE IN THERE!

STAND BACK, SONNY!

In the smaller cellar...

THAT'S FUNNY! THEY'RE NOT IN HERE!

THERE'S NO OTHER PLACE --*HOLY SMOKE, TIM! MAYBE THEY'RE BEHIND THAT DOOR--!*

CLANG!

THEY'LL NEVER GET OUT OF THERE ALIVE! SLAM THAT BOLT SHUT, RED!

I HAD A HUNCH THIS WATER SYSTEM COULD BE MADE TO WORK!

CRACK

In the cellar beyond...

GREAT GADFREY! THEY'RE FLOODING THE CELLAR!

TERROR! W-WE'LL BE DROWNED!

Swiftly...relentlessly...

WHEN I START SWIMMING WITH YOU--DON'T STRUGGLE, LAD! YOU'VE GOT TO KEEP YOUR HEAD!

B-BUT TERROR! I *CAN* SWIM! I'LL BE ALL RIGHT!

I'VE GOT TO PRY THESE BARS APART! I'VE GOT TO!

GLUB!

UMPH! THEY'RE-- BENDING! BUT-- NOT ENOUGH!

TERROR! I COULD GET THROUGH! LET ME TRY!

A tense moment later...

I GOT THROUGH, TERROR! I DID IT!

GOOD WORK, SONNY! NOW RUN-- *GET THE POLICE!* I'LL BE WITH YOU IN A MINUTE!

Unexpectedly...

GOOD GRACIOUS! IT'S THOSE RUFFIANS! THEY'RE MAKING A GETAWAY!

INTO THE CAR! HURRY!

Harold puts on an act!

NOT SO FAST, HOODLUM! THAT VIOLIN BELONGS TO *ME!*

OW-W! YOU LITTLE BRAT!

HELP! THOSE MEN STRUCK ME!

HUH?

DID YOU HEAR THAT? THOSE RATS *STRUCK* THAT LITTLE BOY!

YEAH! I'LL FIX THOSE SKUNKS!

YOU ASKED FOR THIS, YOU ROTTEN COWARD!

I DON'T CARE IF I *KILL* THEM!

WHAM!

SOK!

YAAGH!

OWW!

But then...

INTO THE CAR, MUGS! QUICK!

AHHHH!

BANG! BANG! BANG!

At the same time...

OOPS! THE OPENING'S WIDE ENOUGH *NOW!* COME ON, TIM! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

WOW! I KNEW YOU COULD DO IT!

IT'S THOSE THUGS! THEY'RE GETTING AWAY IN THAT CAR!

THAT'S WHAT *THEY* THINK!

THE BLACK TERROR! STEP ON IT!

NOT SO FAST, PAL!

CRASH!

THIS HURTS *YOU* MORE THAN IT HURTS *ME!*

WAM! POW!

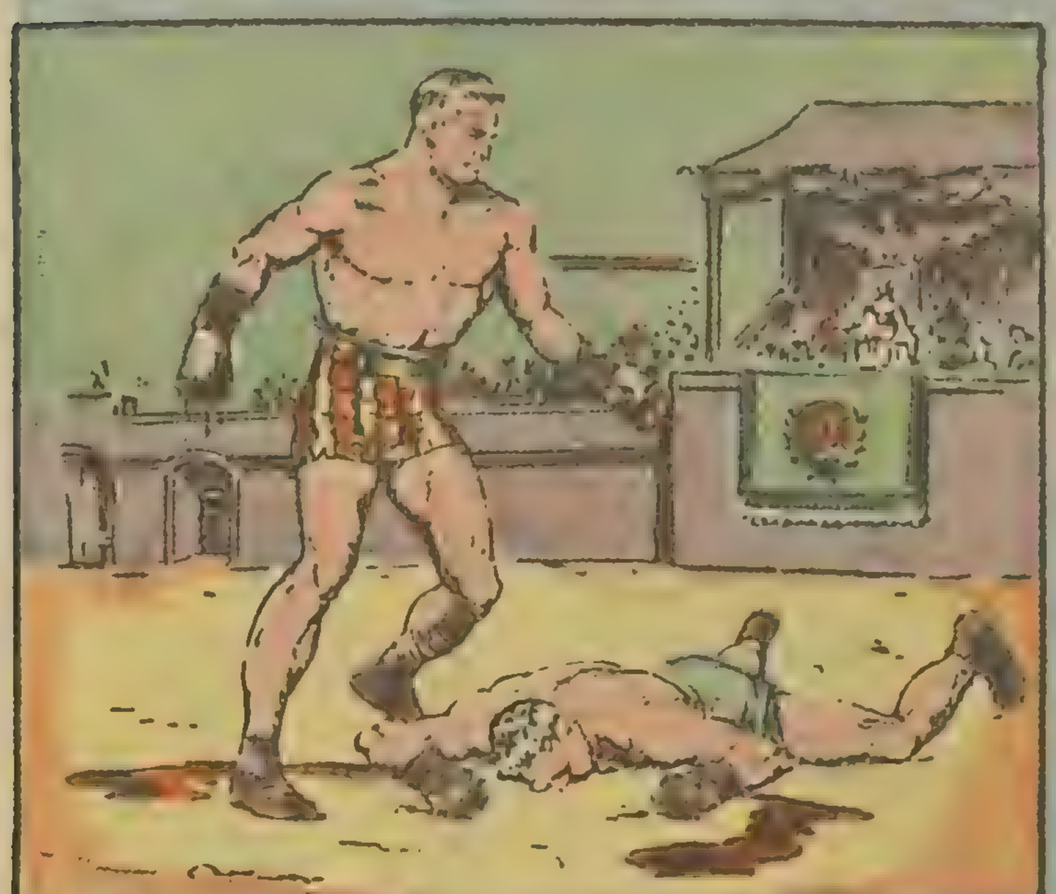
SOK!

Later...

THIS TIME YOU CAN KEEP IT, HAROLD! I UNDERSTAND YOU'RE A BRAVE BOY, TOO!

THANKS, MR. SPRAGG ..BUT CAN'T A *REALLY* POOR BOY HAVE IT? MEETING *THE BLACK TERROR* WAS MY RE-WARD!

From The BLACK TERROR Scrap Book



COMMODUS AURELIUS, EMPEROR OF ROME (161-192) WON 1031 BATTLES IN THE GLADIATORIAL ARENA UNTIL HE EVENTUALLY MET HIS DEATH AT THE HANDS OF A WRESTLER, NARCISSUS, WHO STRANGLED HIM!

AGES AGO, THE SABRE-TOOTH TIGER ROAMED OVER THE SOUTH DAKOTA BADLANDS OF THE UNITED STATES!

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946, of The Black Terror, published quarterly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1947. State of New York, County of New York, ss. Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared H. L. Herbert, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of The Black Terror and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the acts of March 3, 1933, and July 2, 1946 (section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations), printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Visual Editions, Inc., 10 East 40th Street, New York, N. Y.; Editor, N. L. Pines, 10 East 40th Street, New York, N. Y.; Managing editor, None; Business Manager, H. L. Herbert, 10 East 40th Street, New York, N. Y. 2. That the owner is: Visual Editions, Inc., 10 East 40th Street, New York, N. Y.; N. L. Pines, 10 East 40th Street, New York, N. Y. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. H. L. Herbert, Business Manager. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day of October, 1947. Eugene Wechsler, Notary Public. My commission expires March 30, 1948.

The BLACK TERROR

A little hot jive can lead to some fancy rug cutting. But offbeat platter chatter leads straight into danger! And young Tim discovers that careless words can be deadly when put "ON THE RECORD!"

DRUGGIST BOB BENTON AND HIS YOUNG WARD, TIM, DROP INTO A NEIGHBORHOOD RECORD SHOP...

THIS OUGHT TO BE A HOT PLATTER, BOB! IT'S CALLED "THE MIDNIGHT BOOGIE"!

OH, MY ACHING EARS! TIM, YOU'RE *KILLIN'* ME!

THAT'S FUNNY! WHEN YOU'RE *THE BLACK TERROR*, YOU CAN TAKE HOT JIVE IN YOUR STRIDE! WHY SHOULD *BOB BENTON* HOLD OUT FOR SOURPUSS SYMPHONIES?

OKAY, HEPCAT ... YOU WIN!

THE NEXT INSTANT...

I TOLD YOU NOT TO LEAVE THE BOOTH, YOU DUMB APE! SOMEONE MIGHT HAVE SWIPED THAT RECORD! *HUH?* YOU FORGOT TO TURN IT OFF!

I... I JUST WENT FER A DRINK OF WATER, BOSS!

YA FINISHED YER MESSAGE?

YEAH! EVERYTHING'S RECORDED AND PAID FOR! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

HE WAS RECORDING A MESSAGE

GREAT SCOTT, TIM! THAT'S A *VOICE-RECORDING* PHONOGRAPH! THOSE MEN WERE TALKING INTO IT... AND LEFT IT ON! EVERYTHING YOU SAID IS ON *THE LAST PART OF THAT RECORD!*

WOW! AND I SAID *PLENTY!*

A QUICK CHANGE TO... THE TERROR TWINS!

WHEN THEY PLAY THAT PLATTER... THEY'LL KNOW THAT BOB BENTON IS *THE BLACK TERROR!* WE'VE GOT TO GET IT BACK... BUT FAST!

G-GOLLY!

SECONDS LATER...

THERE THEY GO, TIM! HURRY!

IF YOU ASK ME... THOSE *MUGS* ARE *MOBSTERS!*

IF YOU DON'T MIND ... I'D LIKE TO HAVE A TALK WITH YOU! IT'S ABOUT THAT RECORD!

WHAT TH...? THE BLACK TERROR!

STAY BACK! OR I'LL BLAST YOU APART! I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOUR GAME IS, BUT *NOBODY* GETS THE EDGE ON MIKE HALLARAN!

OH-OH! I'D BETTER FIND OUT WHAT COOKS!

A GUN'S A DANGEROUS WEAPON, . PAL!

BANG! BANG!

UFF!

YA RUSHED AT ME TOO FAST DAT TIME, KID!

OWWW!

JIGGERS! DAT'S A HOT RECORD, ALL RIGHT!

OHHHH!

WHACK

Then...

THEY GOT AWAY, TERROR! ARE YOU OKAY?

I...I THINK SO! THAT DISC CAUGHT ME... JUST ABOVE THE EYES! MADE ME A LITTLE...GROGGY!

MUST HAVE BEEN ONE OF THOSE TOUGH NEW PLASTIC RECORDS! THEY DON'T BREAK!

LOOK... A PILLBOX!

HMMM···IT MUST HAVE JOGGED OUT OF THAT RAT'S POCKET! IT'S ISOPROPHYL ···A SEDATIVE DRUG! WE'LL HAVE TO TRACE THIS PRESCRIPTION, TIM!

Shortly···

YOU SAY THE MAN WAS A NEW PATIENT, DOCTOR? TROUBLED WITH INSOMNIA? I SEE-- M. KALLARAN···334 CONDUIT AVENUE! THANKS A LOT!

MIKE HALLARAN··· M. KALLARAN! WHO'S HE THINK HE'S KIDDING?

THAT'S A BREAK FOR US, TERROR! *LET'S GO!*

MEANWHILE···IN MIKE HALLARAN'S HIDEOUT···

THE BLACK TERROR WAS *PLENTY* INTERESTED IN THIS RECORD! AND I PULLED A GUN ON HIM ···INSTEAD OF LETTING HIM TALK!

WE ALL MAKE MISTAKES, BOSS!

SHADDOP!··· NOW I'M GONNA CHECK BACK! MAYBE···*LISTEN!*

DEAR MABEL! (SCRATCH! SCRATCH!) DO YOU RECOGNIZE MY VOICE? SURE··· THAT'S RIGHT! IT'S ME···MIKE! AND HOW'S MY CUTIE PIE?

WHAT'S EATIN' YA, BOSS? DAT'S YOU, ALL RIGHT··· TALKIN' TO YER GOIL FRIEND IN DAT VILLAGE UPSTATE! "GOIL FRIEND" IS GOOD···*HA-HA!*

SILENCE! LISTEN···!

THIS OUGHT TO BE A HOT PLATTER, BOB!

Suddenly...

STAND WHERE YA ARE, HALLARAN...OR I'LL LET YA HAVE IT!

WHA...? GUNNER GATCH!

CLICK

YOU RAT! YOU'LL NEVER LIVE TO PULL ANOTHER JOB...AND RUN OUT ON *ME!* WHERE'S THAT FIFTY GRAND NECKLACE AND THE REST OF THE STUFF! *COME ON...TALK!*

KEEP AWAY FROM ME! STAY BACK!

LOOK OUT, BOSS! HE'S GOT A GUN!

ARGGGHHH!

OKAY... *YOU ASKED FOR IT!*

BANG!

THEY *BOTH* ASKED FOR IT! THE DIRTY DOUBLE-CROSSERS!

A MOMENT LATER...

I'LL FIND OUT WHERE HALLARAN HID THE STUFF...IF I HAVE TO RIP UP THE FLOOR!

HEY, BOSS...THERE'S SOME WRITING ON THIS PAD!

Don't forget to send Mather the record.. 45 Elm St. Auburn

THAT'S A VILLAGE UPSTATE, GUNNER!

HE WAS PLAYING THIS RECORD WHEN WE KICKED OPEN THE DOOR! WHEN THAT RAT ALEX SAW US···HE CLICKED IT OFF! *LISTEN!*

DEAR MABEL(SCRATCH! SCRATCH!) DO YOU RECOGNIZE MY VOICE···

HA-HA! IT'S ONLY A MESSAGE TO HIS CUTIE UPSTATE! I'M GOING TO SEE SHE GETS IT! WRAP IT UP AND TAKE IT OVER TO THE POST OFFICE! *RIGHT NOW, SPUDSY!*

SURE! WE GOT NOTHIN' *PERSONAL* AGAINST HALLARAN! WE JUST HAD TO *KILL* HIM··· THAT'S ALL!

RIGHT! NOW BEAT IT! I'LL MEET YOU AT JAKE'S PLACE!

AFTER SPUDSY DEPARTS···

I'LL FIND THAT NECKLACE IF I HAVE TO *WRECK* THE JOINT!

R-R-IP!

OH-OH! LOOK OUT, GUNNER!

H-HUH?? *THE BLACK TERROR!*

WHAT'S GOING ON HERE, MISTER?

TERROR! HE'S GOT A GUN!

THAT'S RIGHT! AND I'VE GOT FIVE SLUGS LEFT!

SO YOU LIKE TO "SLUG", EH?

OWWW!

POW!

HMM···SO YOU SHOT HALLARAN BECAUSE HE DOUBLE-CROSSED YOU! WELL··· BEFORE I TURN YOU OVER TO THE POLICE···YOU'RE GOING TO DO A LITTLE TALKING!

I'M LOOKING FOR A PHONOGRAPH RECORD ··· AN UNBREAKABLE PLASTIC DISC! DID YOU SEE IT?

S-SURE! IT'S A MESSAGE FROM HALLARAN TO HIS GIRL FRIEND! WANT HER ADDRESS? I HAD THAT PLATTER MAILED TO HER!

A HALF HOUR LATER···AT THE MUNICIPAL AIRPORT···

FORTY-FIVE ELM STREET···AUBURN! WE SHOULD GET THERE WELL AHEAD OF THAT RECORD ···IF IT WAS SENT BY PARCEL POST!

WE'LL MAKE IT, TERROR!

Early next morning, in Auburn...

A PACKAGE FOR YOU, LADY! IT WAS SENT FIRST CLASS *AIR MAIL*··· SPECIAL DELIVERY!

GOOD GRACIOUS! FOR *ME!* WHY··· HOW LOVELY!

HERE IT IS, BOYS! THE RECORD MIKE PROMISED TO SEND US!

BOY! WHAT A RELIEF! NOW WE CAN KISS THE VILLAGE GOOD-BYE!

THAT'S THE LAST TIME I'LL EVER PUT ON THIS CORNY COSTUME ACT!

MIKE SAID HE'D LET US KNOW IN DOUBLE TALK ···SOON AS IT WAS SAFE TO LEAVE!

...IT'S ME... MIKE! AND HOW'S MY CUTIE PIE?

HA! DID YA HEAR WHAT HE CALLED YA, ROCKY?

QUIET! HE MEANS...THE HEAT'S OFF AND IT'S OKAY FOR US TO RETURN WITH THE NECKLACE!

SUDDENLY...

THIS OUGHT TO BE A HOT PLATTER, BOB! IT'S CALLED "THE MIDNIGHT BOOGIE!"

HUH?? THAT'S NOT MIKE'S VOICE!

WHAT...?? ROCKY ...LOOK OUT! IT'S THE BLACK TERROR!

QUICK, TIM...STOP THAT RECORD! I'LL TAKE CARE OF THIS CHARACTER!

RIGHT, TERROR!

UGH!

NOTHING LIKE A LITTLE EXERCISE TO KEEP FIT!

OOF!

WHAM!

But then...

I'LL FIX HIS CLOCK!

HEY...!

TERROR! LOOK... AHHH!

THAT'S IT... SLUG HIM! HARDER! WE'VE GOT TO FLATTEN HIM OUT!

WHEN THE TERROR REVIVES...

KEEP SHOVELING, MUG! IF WE CAN GET THAT FURNACE ROARING ...THE HOT WATER BOILER WILL HEAT UP FAST!

HUH? W-WHERE AM I?

THESE ROPES... UGH!...ARE HOLDING! BUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN...

OKAY, KID I'VE GOT THE ROPES SLIPPING OFF!

WHEW! THESE MUGS MADE IT PLENTY HOT FOR US!

IRON...SCALDING VAPOR FILLS THE CELLAR...

TERROR...I--I CAN'T STAND THIS MUCH LONGER! IT ...IT'S LIKE A HOT IRON ON MY BACK!

DON'T LOSE COURAGE, TIM! I'LL...UGH!... GET YOU OUT OF THIS! I MUST!

POUF!

POUF!

DID IT!

CRAKKK!

COME ON, TIM! WE'VE GOT TO DESTROY THAT RECORD BEFORE THOSE RATS PLAY IT THROUGH!

YOU'RE TELLING ME!

JUST AT THAT MOMENT...

THE BLACK TERROR WAS SURE INTERESTED IN THAT RECORD! DID YA NOTICE HOW FAST THE KID CLICKED IT OFF? LISTEN!

THIS OUGHT TO BE A HOT PLATTER, BOB! IT'S CALLED...

HEY... WHAT...??

THE BLACK TERROR! HOW DID HE...

STOP THAT RECORD, TIM! THAT COMES FIRST!

SO YOU LIKE TO WATCH RECORDS REVOLVE! WELL ...TREAT YOURSELVES TO A TWIRL!

OOOF!

BAM POW

And then...

HOLY SMOKE, TERROR--LOOK! A STRING OF MATCHED PEARLS!

DON'T BOTHER ME, TIM! I'VE GOT SOMETHING IMPORTANT TO ATTEND TO!

ALL RIGHT, TIM! NOW WATCH!

BUT...YOU CAN'T BUST THAT RECORD, TERROR! IT'S UNBREAKABLE!

OH... CAN'T I?

WELL, LET'S GET HOME ...I STILL WANT TO HEAR THAT "MIDNIGHT BOOGIE!

R-RIP! RAK! SMASH!

The CRIME PROFESSOR

CC-600

SOME FOLKS CLAIM TEACHERS AREN'T DO-ERS! LLOYD RANDALL, STUDIOUS YOUNG PROFESSOR OF CRIMINOLOGY, PROVES HOW WRONG THIS CAN BE! SECRETLY AN ACE TROUBLE-SHOOTER FOR THAT VERY BEST OF TROUBLE-SHOOTING ORGANIZATIONS --THE F.B.I.--- LLOYD IS A MASTER OF THE MOST MODERN METHODS OF SCIENTIFIC CRIME DETECTION --- AND A TRAINED, POWERFUL ATHLETE, AS WELL! "A GUN FOR THE PROFESSOR!"

PROFESSOR RANDALL TAKES HIS STATE UNIVERSITY STUDENTS ON A TOUR OF A FEDERAL PRISON!

I WANT YOU TO NOTICE, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THAT THE OLD REFORMATORY METHODS HAVE DISAPPEARED HERE! FAIR TREATMENT MAKES THE PRISONERS ADJUST TO··· AH, GOOD AFTERNOON, WARDEN!

RDEN
FICE

GOOD AFTERNOON, PROFESSOR RANDALL! YOU AND YOUR STUDENTS ARE JUST IN TIME TO WATCH A PRISONERS' BASEBALL GAME!

THE CELL BLOCKS START DOWN THERE! WE'LL WALK THROUGH TO THE PLAYING FIELD!

THIS IS WONDERFUL! I'VE NEVER SEEN A PRISON BASEBALL TEAM!

I UNDERSTAND THAT THIS PRISON HAS SOME VERY FINE PLAYERS ON THE TEAM, MISS WINSOR!

At that moment···

GET A LOAD OF THOSE COLLEGE KIDS COME TO LOOK US OVER, DONATO!

COME ON, FLYNN! WE'LL MAKE OUR BREAK AS SCHEDULED! THE GUARDS WON'T WANNA SHOOT, FOR FEAR OF PLUGGIN' SOME OF THE KIDS!

SUDDENLY···

THIS IS WHAT I BEEN WANTIN' TO DO FOR A LONG TIME, FLATFOOT!

UGH!

SOK!

PRODUCING HIDDEN WEAPONS, FOUR PRISONERS UNDERTAKE A WELL-PLANNED JAIL BREAK!

HE'S GOT A GUN!

OUTA MY WAY! I'LL PLUG ANYBODY THAT TRIES TO STOP ME!

YOU'RE NOT GOING ANYPLACE, PLUG-UGLY!

YOU ASKED FOR IT, BABYFACE! I'M GONNA···

Amazingly··· A KNOWLEDGE OF PUGILISM IS VERY USEFUL FOR CRIMINOLOGISTS, STUDENTS! PLEASE OBSERVE!

WHAM

WOW! DID YOU SEE THAT, GAIL? WHO'D HAVE THOUGHT PROFESSOR RANDALL COULD DO A THING LIKE THAT?

NOBODY! AND I'M BEGINNING TO SUSPECT HE HAS OTHER ABILITIES NONE OF US KNOW ABOUT! I'M GOING TO LOOK INTO THIS!

LATER THAT DAY, IN LLOYD RANDALL'S OFFICE···

MIND IF I COME IN, PROFESSOR? I'VE JUST LEARNED A FEW THINGS I'D LIKE TO TALK OVER WITH YOU!

LEARNED A FEW THINGS, MISS WINSOR? ABOUT WHAT?

ABOUT *YOU*! YOU KNOW JACK WINSOR, DISTRICT HEAD OF THE F.B.I.···BUT I DON'T THINK YOU EVER CONNECTED HIM WITH ME! HE'S MY FATHER···AND HE JUST TOLD ME ABOUT THE WONDERFUL JOB YOU'VE DONE IN SOLVING CASES NOBODY ELSE COULD HANDLE!

HE ALSO ASKED ME TO GIVE YOU A MESSAGE! HE DOESN'T WANT TO SPEAK TO YOU DIRECTLY, FOR FEAR OF REVEALING YOUR CONNECTION WITH HIS OFFICE AND SPOILING YOUR USEFULNESS! HE SAID THAT THE OTHER THREE MEN INVOLVED IN THAT PRISON BREAK GOT FREE!

DOES HE WANT ME TO TAKE THE CASE?

THAT'S RIGHT! THAT GANG WAS INVOLVED IN THE MURDER OF AN F.B.I. MAN WHO KEPT THEM FROM KIDNAPPING A WEALTHY ENGLISH LORD ON A VISIT TO THIS COUNTRY! THEY KNOW MOST OF THE F.B.I. PEOPLE---THAT'S WHY MY DAD WANTS *YOU* TO TAKE OVER!

FINE! I'LL GET TO WORK RIGHT NOW!

HELLO, WARDEN? THIS IS LLOYD RANDALL! ABOUT THAT FELLOW DONATO---THE ONE WE KEPT FROM ESCAPING TODAY ---MIND IF I ASK HIM A FEW QUESTIONS? YOU KNOW MY AUTHORITY!

YES, OF COURSE, RANDALL! I'VE BEEN TOLD I'D HEAR FROM YOU! I'LL SEND DONATO TO YOUR OFFICE UNDER GUARD!

THIS IS MY VERSION OF THE POLYGRAPH LIE DETECTOR, GAIL! IT'S BASED ON THE THEORY THAT ANYBODY WITH A NORMAL MENTALITY USES MORE EFFORT IN TELLING A LIE THAN THE TRUTH!

THE LIE DETECTOR CHARTS THE SUBJECT'S REACTIONS TO DIFFERENT QUESTIONS, CHECKING HIS BLOOD PRESSURE, PULSE AND HEART BEAT, AND THE DELICATE ELECTRICAL IMPULSES GIVEN OFF BY HIS BRAIN!

HERE'S THE PRISONER, PROFESSOR!

IN THAT WAY, WE SEE HOW MUCH EFFORT IT TAKES FOR HIM TO ANSWER EACH QUESTION AND---

PUT HIM IN THAT CHAIR, PLEASE!

HEY! THIS GIVES ME THE CREEPS! MAKES ME THINK O' THE HOT SEAT!

DON'T WORRY! IT WON'T BITE YOU!

FIRST AN EASY QUESTION, TO SEE WHAT HIS NORMAL REACTIONS ARE!

DID YOU KNOW THAT YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE OF YOUR GANG WHO DIDN'T ESCAPE?

YEAH! I GOT *YOU* TO THANK FOR THAT!

YOU PROBABLY FIGURED THE POLICE WOULD EXPECT YOU TO SCATTER ALL OVER ... SO INSTEAD YOU PLANNED TO HIDE OUT TOGETHER SOMEPLACE NEAR HERE! *DIDN'T YOU?*

NO! NO! WE WASN'T GONNA STICK AROUND HERE! THINK WE'RE *CRAZY?*

LIES

HMMM---IF THESE DIAL READINGS MEAN ANYTHING, HE'S LYING!

I'M NOT ANSWERIN' ANY MORE QUESTIONS!

THIS BIRD MAY BE GETTING MORE INFO OUTA ME THAN IS HEALTHY! I'M NOT SAYIN' ANOTHER WORD!

(:)S THE GUARDS TAKE DONATO OUT...

WELL, WE DIDN'T LEARN A GREAT DEAL! BUT I THINK MY HUNCH ABOUT THE GANG HIDING OUT IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD WAS RIGHT!

BUT *WHERE* IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD ---AND FOR HOW LONG?

THAT'S WHAT WE HAVE TO---*WAIT A MINUTE!* THIS HEADLINE GIVES ME AN IDEA!

YOU MEAN---?

AHMED BEK-TOR EXPECTED IN CITY THURSDAY

FABULOUSLY WEALTHY ARABIAN PRINCE TO BE GREETED BY MAYOR

CERTAINLY! THAT GANG TRIED ONE BIG KIPNAPPING AND FAILED! NOW THEY'RE HANGING AROUND TO TRY ANOTHER ONE BEFORE THEY SEPARATE!

I THINK YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING THERE---ARE YOU CALLING THE WARDEN AGAIN?

Thursday!

HERE HE IS AGAIN, PROFESSOR! WE'RE LEAVING HIM IN YOUR HANDS!

WHATTYA BRING ME HERE FOR? I'M DOIN' NO TALKIN', SEE!

FINE! LEAVE HIM HERE! WE MUST GO OUT, BUT WE'LL LOCK HIM IN!

WHEN THE GUARDS HAVE GONE---

LEAVING HIM ALONE WAS JUST A TRICK, GAIL! NOW THAT THE PRISONER *THINKS* HE'S UNGUARDED, HE MAY *TRY SOMETHING!* BUT *WE'LL KEEP WATCH!*

Alone!

BOY---I'D LIKE TO GO OUT THAT WINDOW! BUT I'M NOT LOOKIN' TO BREAK MY NECK!---*HEY! THAT TREE!*

NOT FAR AWAY---

THERE HE GOES! WE'D BETTER GET STARTED! WE DON'T WANT TO LOSE HIM!

IT'S ABOUT SIX FEET AWAY! I CAN MAKE THAT EASY---BUT I BETTER MOVE FAST, BEFORE THEY COME BACK!

ORDINARILY, HE'D BE SUSPICIOUS ABOUT SUCH AN EASY ESCAPE! BUT TODAY, WITH THAT ARABIAN PRINCE ARRIVING, HE JUST WANTS TO GET IN ON THINGS!

THERE HE GOES! COME ON!

ON A HILLY SECTION OUTSIDE THE CITY...

SO THIS IS WHERE THEY'RE HIDING OUT! BUT I DON'T KNOW OF ANY PLACE TO HIDE HERE! I WONDER...

CAMOUFLAGED CAVE!

SO THAT'S IT! NOW WHAT DO WE DO, LLOYD?

WE'LL JUST WAIT! IF THEY'RE PLANNING A KIDNAPPING FOR TODAY, AS I EXPECT, THEY'LL BE OUT SOON... THE WHOLE GANG!

INSIDE THE CAVE...

SURE I GOT AWAY! THAT DUMB PROFESSOR THOUGHT HE WAS SMARTER'N ME! ...WHERE'S PETE?

HE'S OUT HAVIN' A LOOK AROUND! WE DON'T WANNA BE NABBED BEFORE WE EVEN GET STARTED! ...YA BETTER CHANGE YER CLOTHES...THAT UNIFORM'LL LAND YA RIGHT BACK IN STIR!

A moment later...

THERE THEY COME! BUT THERE ARE THREE, NOT FOUR!

WE'LL GIVE THEM A CHANCE TO GET AWAY FROM THE CAVE, SO THEY WON'T BE ABLE TO DUCK BACK! THEN...

PUT UP YOUR HANDS! I HAVE YOU COVERED!

WHA...!

DUCK, YOU MUGS! WE'RE NOT GIVIN' UP WITHOUT A FIGHT!

THERE HE IS! PLUG 'IM!

I CAN DO SOME PLUGGING MYSELF!

BANG!

OWW!

WHAM!

...CLIP HIM! OWW... MY SHOULDER!

Suddenly...

STICK 'EM UP, PAL!

OH-OH! THE MISSING FOURTH GANGSTER! I'VE GOT TO TAKE A CHANCE AND...

LLOYD···YOU'RE HURT!

NEVER MIND THAT! PUT A STICK THROUGH MY JACKET AND USE IT TO KEEP THE GANG'S ATTENTION! I'M GOING TO TRY AND CIRCLE AROUND BEHIND THEM! KEEP OUT OF THE LINE OF FIRE!

GOOD! GAIL HAS THEM SHOOTING AT MY JACKET IN A MOMENT, I'LL BE BEHIND THEM!

BANG! BANG!

THE SHOE IS ON THE OTHER FOOT NOW, BOYS! *TURN AROUND AND DROP YOUR GUNS!*

NOT ME! I DON'T GIVE UP TO ANY BABY-FACED····

BANG!

Later...

WELL, GAIL, YOU'VE PROVED YOURSELF MY STAR PUPIL! YOU HAVE A LOT OF SPUNK!

WHY, THANK YOU, PROFESSOR! BUT I'LL BET YOU SAY THAT TO ALL THE GIRLS!

IT'S MY *GUN* YOU'RE GIVING UP TO, DONATO ··· NOT ME!

WE GIVE UP! YOU GOT THE DROP ON US!

BANG!

A GUEST FEATURE APPEARS IN EVERY ISSUE OF BLACK TERROR LOOK FOR IT ON YOUR STAND!

MARK OF THE FUR THIEF

By Charles Stewart

JIM COTTON was eager to make good in the Canadian Northwest. He wanted to get his young son George out into a country where fresh air and the soothing sounds of Nature would help to mend his nerves and teach him how to do things for himself. Jim had trapped along the Porcupine River before his marriage.

He stopped at Porcupine Falls trading post and talked over the situation with Sergeant Paul Dalton of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police.

"Glad to see you again, Cotton," the Mountie told him. "Where are you heading?"

"Up to my old lines on the Porcupine River," Cotton replied. "How are things up that way?"

"Trapping is good, but chances of getting the pelts out are bad," Dalton said frankly. "Bully Burke has moved in there, and while we're trying our best to get something on him, he has been too smart for us up to now."

Jim Cotton knew Bully from previous experience. Burke was a fair to middling trapper, but he had a twisted mind and often indulged in fur-robbing. He was able to ferret out secret marks and signs and to destroy them so no trapper could prove a claim to stolen furs. He had an uncanny skill in uncovering concealed caches, and he laughed at the law.

Young George Cotton spoke up. "Let's go in anyway, Dad. If the sergeant will work with us, I'm sure we can fix this fellow Burke."

THE next morning the Cottons went up into the Porcupine River district and with Jim showing his son the mechanics of the trapping operation, they soon had their lines stretched, traps set, and caches dug. Overnight cabins were set up and the Cottons were quite comfortable.

Soon the first cold spell of the season settled over the Porcupine country and the ice was on the river. There was every indication that the season would be a prime one.

For some time Jim and George worked together skinning and curing their pelts, drying them on the frames, salting them down, and finally storing them away in the caches. Jim Cotton carefully placed his secret, indelible marks on the furs, even though he said: "This isn't going to stop Bully Burke. He'll be able to find them if he does steal this cache, and he knows how to eliminate them."

"Don't worry about it," George assured him. "The Sergeant and I have everything figured out." As he spoke, George was working with a spool of thread and doing a neat job of work on his clothing.

MID-JANUARY came and passed. There were several week-long periods when it was impossible to get far away from the cabin, but finally there was a stretch of clear, cold weather and the father and son patrolled their lines.

They came to one of the cabin caches and checked the pelts in it. Jim Cotton whirled on the boy and shouted: "Bully Burke has been here and cleaned us out."

George looked over the storage lean-to, and saw that his father's words were true. They tried to follow the trail of the fur thief, but it was

a hopeless task because of blowing snow and slick, icy trails.

"I'll go out and notify Sergeant Dalton," Jim Cotton told the boy. "You stick close to the cabin. There's plenty to eat and lots of firewood."

George Cotton looked at his father and shrugged. Then he replied:

"This is the twentieth of January. Sergeant Dalton expected to be through here on the twenty-fifth. I think we ought to wait right around here for him."

Jim Cotton finally agreed to this. But when George missed him later in the day, he knew that the older man had gone looking for Bully Burke and he began to worry about him. When his father didn't come home that night, George left a message for the Mountie Sergeant in the cabin and went toward Burke's place himself.

When he reached there, he saw Burke and his father wrestling around on the hard-packed snow in front of Burke's cabin. The Bully was working to get out a knife that was in a sheath under his arm.

GEORGE rushed in, kicked the weapon out of the bully's hand, then picked it up, and came forward, pressing the point against Burke's throat. "Pull away," the tall, stocky lad ordered, "or I'll fix it so you don't rob any more traplines!"

Burke leaped clear of the entwining hands and arms of Jim Cotton and came to his feet.

"You're just like your old man," Burke roared. "He comes in here, too, accusing me of stealing your furs! I've told him that he's free to go over the whole stack of pelts I have in the shed in back. If he finds any of his furs he can have them."

"It's getting dark now," George said calmly. "We'll look at them in the morning."

Jim Cotton stared at his son, wondered just what was in the boy's mind, then shrugged his shoulders.

"Okay," Burke agreed readily. The father and son went away. Jim's shoulders were slumped. George said nothing for quite a while. Finally his father said:

"There's no need to come back in the morning. I looked at some of those furs when I arrived. The marks are all bleached out, and some of them have been cut away. Bully Burke is still too smart for any of us."

When the Cottons arrived back at their cabin there was a pleasant surprise. Sergeant Paul Dalton was there.

"How are things going?" he asked.

"No good!" said Jim Cotton.

"First rate!" declared George.

The father turned and looked at his son. Then George went on: "Bully Burke raided our cache the other day. We're going over to inspect his place tomorrow in daylight."

NEXT day the Mountie, the trapper and his son arrived at the Burke cabin bright and early. Bully Burke brought out a pack of furs, opened it, and the pelts were spread on the floor. Jim Cotton started going through them carefully, looking for his secret marks. Sergeant Dalton was talking to the burly suspect.

"Do you do any fancy sewing during the winter?" he asked.

Bully Burke was puzzled. Then he said: "I do a bit of rawhide lacing now and then, that's about all." He showed a blouse that had been laced with the rawhide and also a pair of mukluks and snow boots.

"You don't believe in regular sewing, then," Dalton persisted. George watched the bully out of the corner of his eye. Burke said no. Then Sergeant Dalton picked up one of the pelts Jim Cotton had laid aside and pointing to a batch of white hairs in among the red of a fox fur, he asked:

"Is this your pelt?"

"Sure thing," Burke insisted. "They're all mine. No one can prove any different."

Sergeant Dalton fumbled the white hairs through his fingers, brushed the fingers against his cheek, then said:

"I think we've got you this time, Burke. George Cotton registered a new mark when he was at the Porcupine River post. It's cotton, like his name. He puts the mark on the furs with a needle. This isn't fox hair here, it's white cotton thread, waxed."

Sergeant Dalton pulled several of the loosely-tucked threads out of the fox fur and handed them to Bully Burke. Burke roared in dismay, then whirled to grab for the Mountie's gun. Jim and George gripped his arms and pulled him back. Sergeant Dalton took charge then and handcuffed the fur thief.

"Good job, George," he told the boy. Jim Cotton looked from the Mountie to his son. He was proud of them both.

Young George Cotton Matches Wits With a Trapline Robber!

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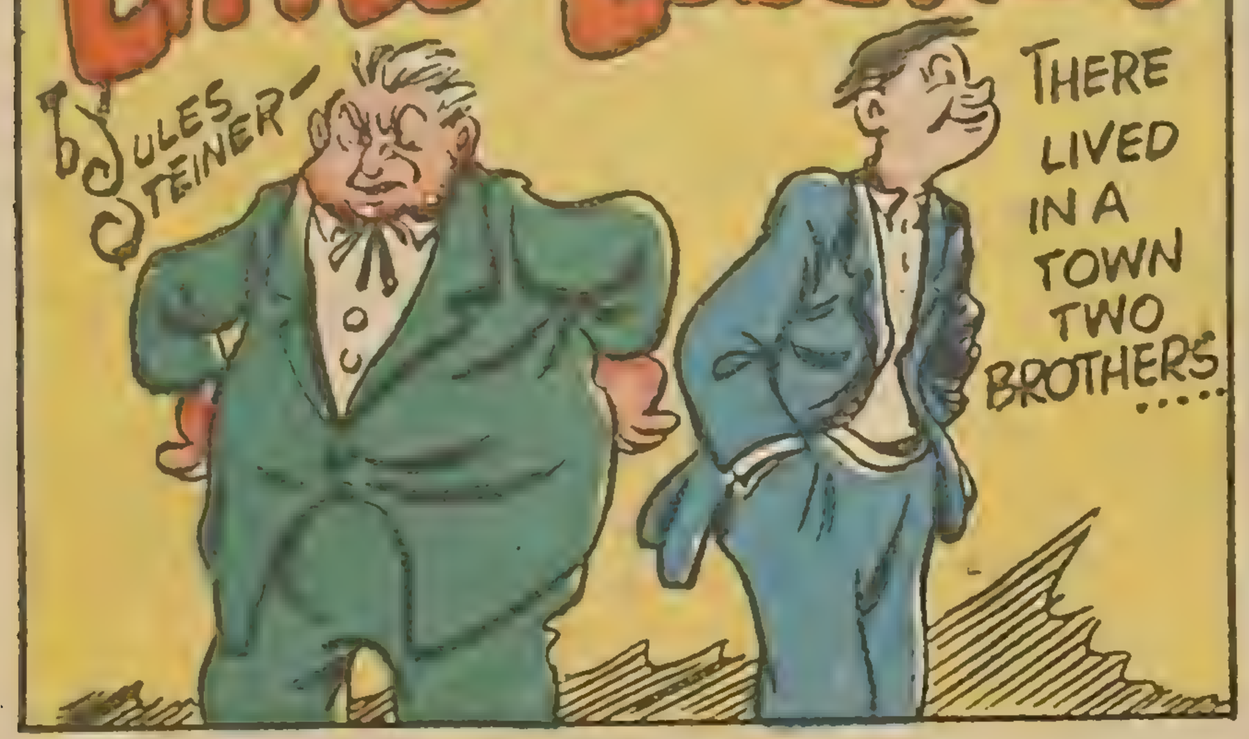
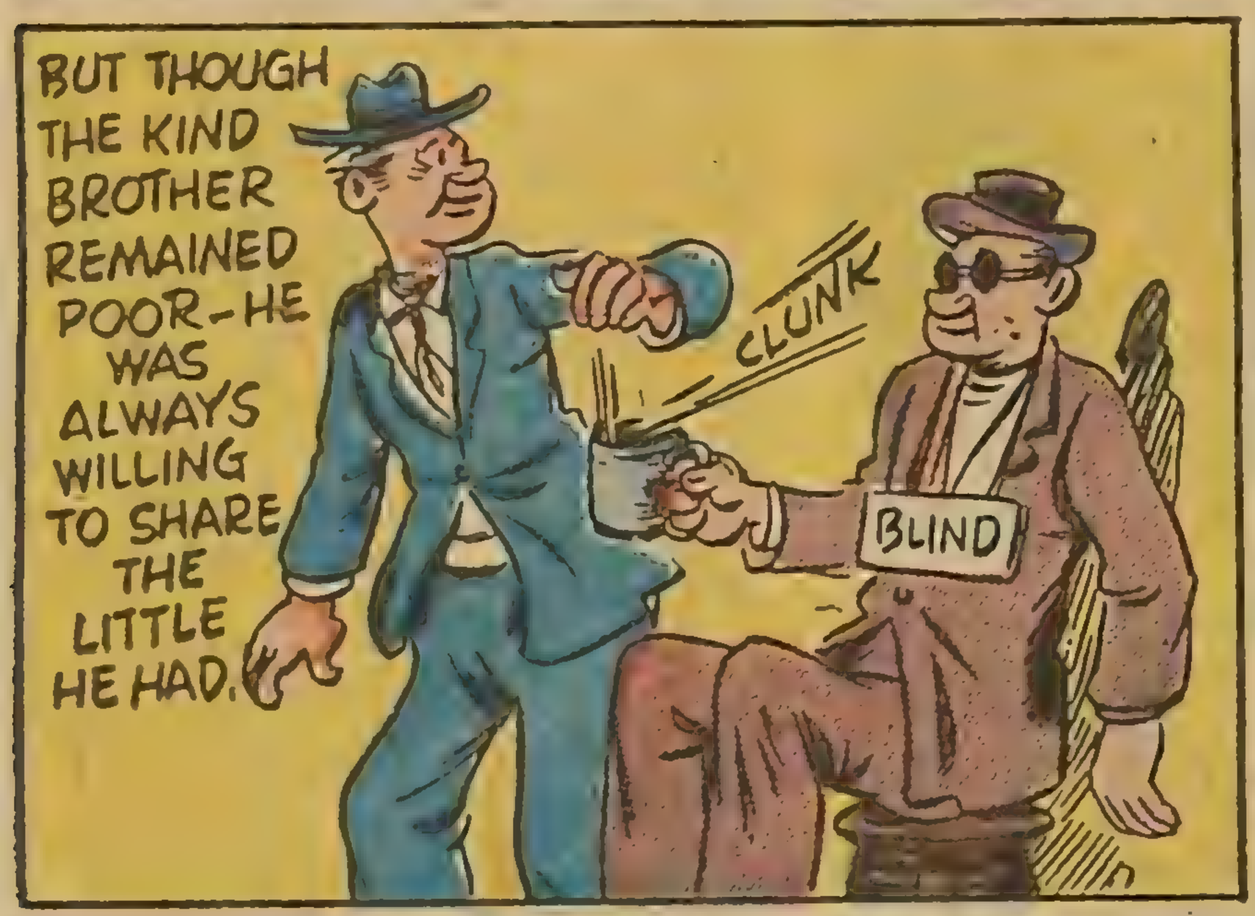
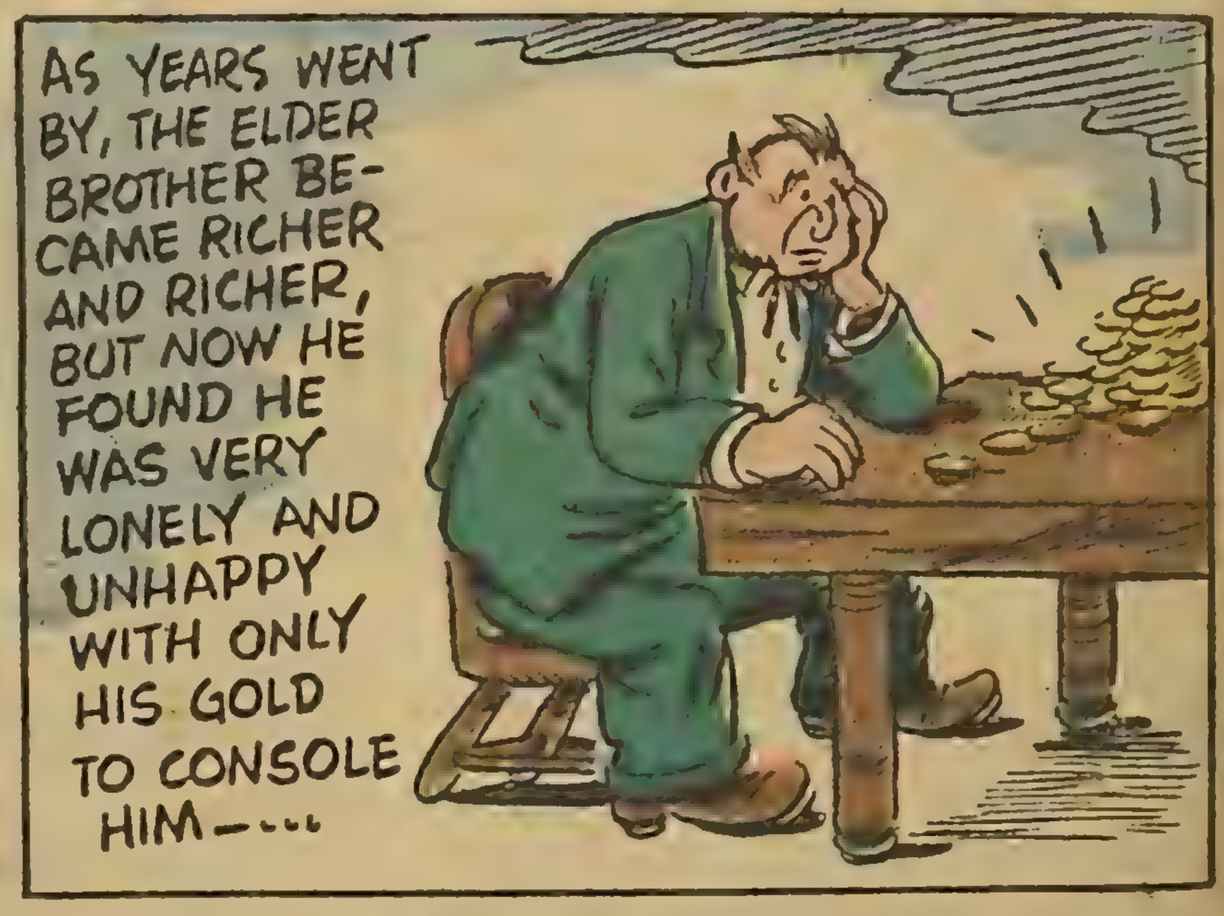
by JULES TEINER



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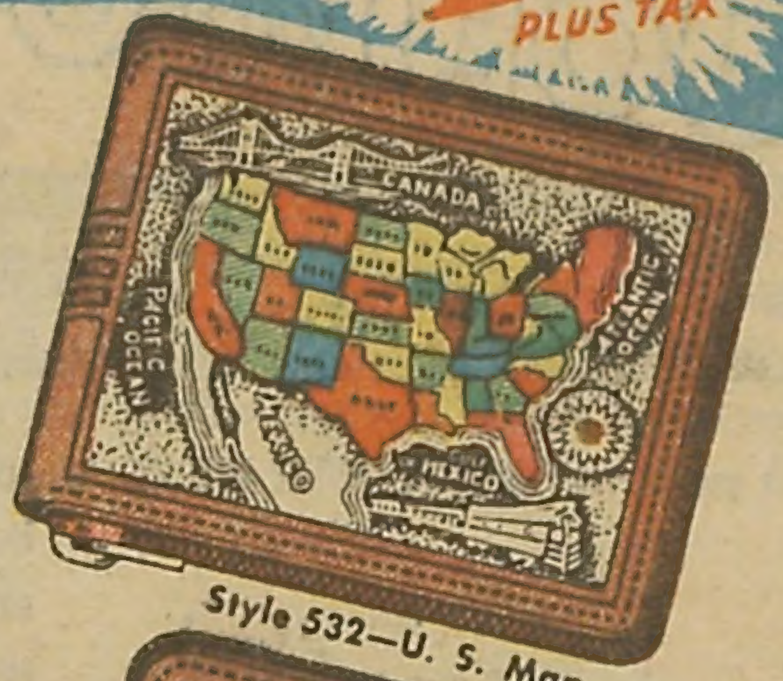

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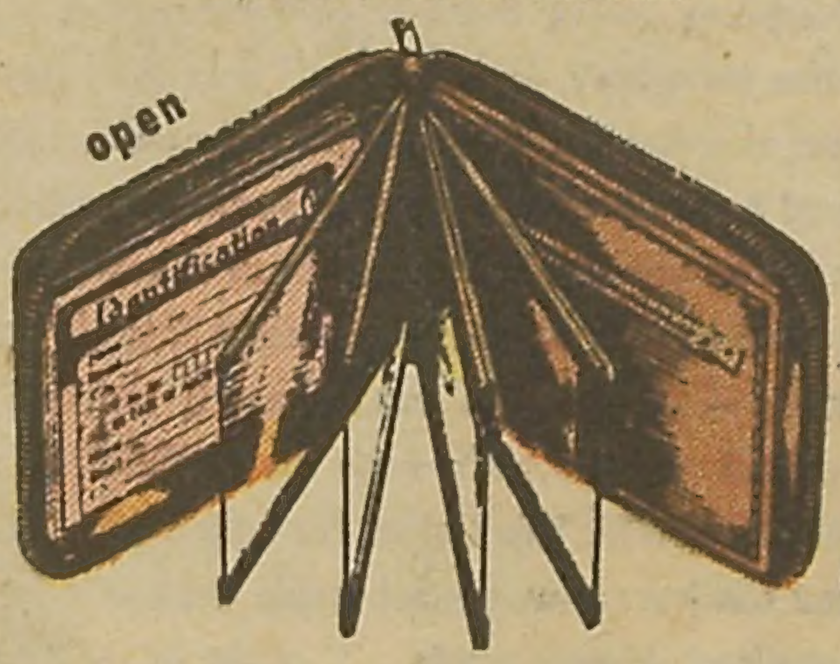

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